

Letters

by The Antic Repartee

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Family, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Camicazi, Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-10-05 07:43:09

Updated: 2011-10-05 07:43:09

Packaged: 2016-04-26 12:58:52

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 7,234

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Dear Hiccup..." Hiccup's plans for his future were tentative at best...exactly how he liked them. This made forgiving her so much harder. He loved her; he just couldn't trust her.

Post!Hitchups one-shot.

Letters

This is a post!**Hitchups** fanfiction taking place in the AU universe. I have canonical moments for Hiccup and Camicazi and if you wish to see that check out Crossing the Line. If you want to stay in AU-land...read on! Or even if you don't and are just up for some good old fashioned HicCami.

****Disclaimer:**** I don't own Hiccup or Toothless, for they belong to Dreamworks (the design I'm working with anyway). I don't own Camicazi, for she belongs to Cressida Cowell (and I can only hope will one day be designed by Dreamworks).

****P.S.**** Formatting is a little weird at first because this is an exchange of letters. Sorry!

****Letters: A HicCami Tale****

****_Dear Hiccup,_****

****_It is Iâ€"your most favoritest blonde in the world. You might recognize the Terrorâ€"it's the same one you taught me how to handle. Well, you really just taught me the best places to scratch him, but I'll let you take the credit for our relationship. I named him Periwinkle!_****

Hiccup broke away from the letter to spare the delivery dragon a glance_. _The Terror was yellow.

****_He seems to believe he can find you, so send him back with a reply**

to prove him right._**

I hope you've been well. I heard you and Toothless managed to save the world and all that clausula. Good job. Just don't let it go to your headâ€”I can still kick your ass with just about any weapon. And then I can kick your ass with no weapon. Remember that.

Things have settled down here a lot and we're starting to integrate dragons into our village. It's slow going. A lot of the older Bogs still aren't too hot about having dragons roaming about. I suppose there have been a few livestock incidences...but it's a start! I even have my own dragon now. Her name is Stormfly. She was purple, but now she's started to change colors. Can't say why, though. I don't really know enough about her yet. But I'm teaching her Norse so that I can talk to my dragon too. Is it normal for dragons to be able to speak to people? Because, for some reason, she's actually picking up the words. Maybe it's her type?

But enough of that. I'm actually telling you all these things that will make you smile so I can remind you that I am your super-cute childhood friend who has totally supported all your shenanigans.

Right, so...remember back when we last saw each other, and I said I was drinking common rue? Well...it was a little closer to raspberry leaf tea. And because you're a boy, and would just nod and smile no matter what I told you I drank, that's a fertility treatment.

I'm pregnant.

Now, remember when I said I'd get the last laugh? Well, it's more of a nervous chuckle.

PLEASE KEEP READING!

_You should know this had gotten me out of that marriage contract with Snotlout, so you don't have to feel guilty anymore (if you ever did). My mother's pleased because, despite __TECHNICALLY__ being disowned, she still considers you one of the privileged. Your father will be pleased because now he gets grandbabies!_

Well, this turned out a lot longer than I meant. I guess I should say thanks. So...thanks...for that night. And that time on the ship. I am kind of sorry for deceiving you like this.

Love, your childhood playmate who defended you against Snotlout and you love her too,

Camicazi

P.s. You should tell your dad. And please do so in a manner that keeps our tribes in a semi-stable relationship.

P.p.s. If it's a boy, you're raising it.

Toothless watched his human read through the message that had somehow tracked them all the way in _Kalaallit Nunaat_ (or GrÃ¶nland, as Hiccup insisted they call it), ignorant to the details of its content.

Hiccup absorbed the words in silence, but his posture spoke what his mouth would not; layers of heavy furs could not conceal the comprehensible reactions in his shouldersâ€”stilling, then seizing, tension mounting as they neared his ears, and then right back to static.

A moment longer passed where Hiccup stood, rigid and blank-faced, staring at the parchment with unseeing eyes. His first movements involved measured, steady breaths.

Then slowly, ever so slowly, Hiccup crumpled the paper into a ball.

* * *

><p>Camicazi bit her lip, weighing the reply letter in her palm. She needn't read it to grasp its tone, not with the heavy smudging where a name should beâ€”as if Hiccup thought about addressing her but couldn't quite decide on what to call her.<p>

She steeled herself with a shallow breath and her eyes ventured downward.

How could you? I don't even know what to write or say. Congratulations. I'm at a loss for words. You've done what countless have tried and failed to do before.

I have half a mind to fly over to your island and yell at you in person.

So was that your plan the whole time? Seduce me AND rob me? I can't believe you! You looked me in the eye and told me you were drinking a contraceptive! Was that all I was to you our entire lives? A potential heir-contributor?

I knew you were Burglar through and through, but I had no idea how much.

I have to end this before I get really angry.

This child is your responsibility.

He didn't even sign it.

Camicazi settled the letter on the table before her with silent and subtle motions to avoid the attention of the surrounding boisterous women. She couldn't betray the weakness that had taken over; she couldn't let them know how her stomach churned with a shame she didn't want to feel, and how a sickness seared the very base of her throat.

She couldn't let them see whatever caused her eyes to burn and her vision to swim. So she lowered her face into her hands.

* * *

><p>Hiccup,**

Look, I know what I did was wrong. Very, very wrong. I hadn't initially intended for this to happen. It was after talking to you that I decided I had to take action. You were rightâ€"we DO only get one life in Midgard. And you did crazy things to make it yours. You inspired me to do the same. I will not marry a man I do not want, and I will not spend my life grounded. I belong on the sea just like you belong in the air. I did what I had to do and I won't regret it. Even with the war over and an alliance between our tribes unnecessary, I won't regret it. I will apologize for involving you the way I did, but I'm not sorry you're the father and I'll never forget that night. After all, you compared me favorably to a Greek woman!

I never once saw you as a potential heir donor before then, not once. I swear it was spur of the moment. You were always my friend, probably my best friend outside of my tribe. That's what makes this so complicated because I don't want to hurt you and I mean it!

I do hope you'll forgive me one day. I know you don't want this child but you did save my life, whether you want to acknowledge it or not, and he or she will know how great their father is. I'll make sure of it.

How mad is your dad? Think he'll raise it if it's a boy?

Camicazi

* * *

><p>Deceitful Beast,**

I did speak to my father. As you can imagine, it didn't blow over well. But our tribes are still friendly and you're still allowed on the island provided you don't show up pregnant. Only dad knows, and he's working on trying to spin it so that it sounds like the marriage alliance didn't work out in a much more...acceptable manner.

You just lost a lot of trust from him, and 'Lout is going to have to learn of this someday. It isn't putting you or your tribe in a good light.

I'm still mad at you. I've calmed down some. Just some.

Still maintaining that this is your responsibility,

Victim

Camicazi smiled. He had always been so dramatic. She found it encouraging that he at least signed the letter, with all his characteristic theatrics. Hiccup was a good guyâ€"a good manâ€"forgiving and kind. He wouldn't stay mad forever. He just

needed some time and space. Things would eventually return to normal.

Luckily for her, Hiccup had all the time and space in the world.

* * *

><p>Hiccup,*

My mother met with your dad; he was a little cold to me, but didn't seem all that upset. 'Lout is all set to marry some Meathead broad (Thug's cousin, I think?), called me a pleating tart, thanked me for ridding him of the Archipelago's worst example of a wife, and went on his merry way. I was surprised he knew what 'ridding' was. Maybe Riberta will be good for him?

Cami

* * *

><p>Cami,*

Camicazi startedâ€"he signed her _name_!

Dad wasn't as mad as I might have led you to believe. You were rightâ€"he was happy about grandchildren. He probably would take in the kid and hold onto the title of chief just to keep it in our line. I think he still has reservations about Snotlout taking over. Personally, I think the big guy has come a long way.

_I__ was the one who was mad._

_Honestly? The real reason I'm so angry is because I don't want to be a bad father. You're not giving me much of a choice in being one and I never wanted to be negligent to any child I might have. If I __AM__ going to be a father, I want to __BE__ one. And I can't be one for this kid. Not now. I'm not ready for it. I couldn't tie myself down in Berk, and that's why I didn't want to marry. I can't have these kinds of responsibilities grounding meâ€"not when I have a choice._

Which, I don't, anymore. What ever happened to consensual procreation?

And even if you say I don't have to take responsibility in raising it, I'll always feel responsible because I know it exists.

Nothing can be done to avoid it now; I just want you to understand how much this still upsets me.

Hiccup

* * *

><p>Daddy,**

It is impossible for you to be a bad fatherâ€"even if you're never around. I know you'll somehow manage to always show up when it matters. You have a history of that, if I recall.

The healers think it's going to be a boy.

If it is, what are the chances of you knocking me up again?

Mommy

* * *

><p>Comedian,**

Don't tease me. You know I can't take care of a kid. I don't even have a home. Not in the traditional sense, anyway. You once said you were taking after me, so do what I did and screw tradition. Take responsibility for your actions (and I'm talking about the part I had nothing to do with). I left knowing the dangers I would face, giving up stability and safety. If you find your "freedom" worth stealing my seed, then maybe you should be willing to be the first to raise a boy. Breaking rules has consequences as well.

Not Amused

* * *

><p>No title addressed the response that found Hiccup in the forests of HofstaÃ°ir, months after he first learned of this disturbing situation. It should have clued him in to what lay beyond.<p>

You know what? You have NO right to be mad at me anymore. You're getting your revenge every time this troll of your seed beats me from the inside out. I always have to pee. I can't sleep. My boobs are so swollen they'll be hanging down to my stupid, fat ankles by the time your spawn finishes sucking the life out of them. You should be hereâ€"you should suffer with me!

Now I'm hoping it IS a boy, and that your dad doesn't take him, and you have to raise him, and he's horrible to you, and you end up miserable.

That hope is the only thing I have to look forward to before my vagina is torn open.

Thanks for nothing, you useless pig.

Disgruntled Beast

A cricket chirped somewhere to his left. Hiccup tried to focus on its beat to keep his heart in rhythm.

Once he felt it was safe to move again, he gently placed the letter down atop the dry-leaved ground with all the care one would show to a volatile weapon. He took three measured steps away from it, cautious in keeping his surroundings as undisturbed as he could.

"Toothless...I need you to burn this. Right now."

* * *

><p>How was it this Terror could find him no matter where he was in the world?<p>

Hiccup,

Baby's a girl. You lucked out. You probably don't care but she just happens to be the most beautiful baby in the world. Can't say I'm surprised. I know how to pick 'em.

Cami

"It's a girl," Hiccup mumbled to Toothless, careful not to aggravate his head anymore than necessary. He was starting to recognize a problem with alcohol; once he started, even if he had the intent of only enjoying _one_ drink, he wouldn't stop.

Pacing was an art he would perfect much more quickly if he went out drinking nightly like _other_ young men his age.

The dragon didn't so much as stir to his voice; he was completely dead to the world with an open mouth and a forked tongue to loll out onto the dirt. They happened upon a field of dragonswort the night before, and with a couple newly "_acquired_" flasks of ale on hand both males felt like letting loose.

Both males would regret it for the rest of the morning.

Hiccup blinked at the dragon in envy; he wanted to sleep as wellâ€"dirt-coated tongue and allâ€"but a short nip to his pant leg told him he was not to keep Periwinkle waiting.

"Mmph...alright...you pesky little..."

He rolled over to his bagâ€"literally, as he didn't think his head would agree with elevation of any sortâ€"and blindly fumbled for his charcoal.

His eyes were half closed as he wrote his response on the back of the same parchment. His head was back on the ground before the dragon took off.

* * *

><p>Camicazi didn't expect much by way of a response; Hiccup hadn't

replied to her letter before last and she couldn't blame him given her state of mind at the time. Even now, several weeks afterwards, she cringed at the thought of what she may have written.

Needless to say, discovering the letter she now held consisted of only one line did not surprise her.

The content, on the other hand, did.

****_May I see her?_****

Shocked, touched, and generally unsure of what to feel, Camicazi spent a moment to _stare_ the note.

He didn't love her enough to give up his life of migration. Granted, she didn't love him enough to go into a legitimate marriage. They knew from the beginning that any fixed relationship between them would never work out. If it weren't for Hiccup she probably would have married Snotlout, done what was expected of her, because she didn't know that she could do _more_ than defy rules before Hiccup. She could create new ones. Redefine what was _right_ in her life, rather than what was acceptable.

Of course, if it weren't for Hiccup, she probably would have only suffered through that bogus alliance for a month or so before that dragon-controlling demon wiped out the remainder of both their tribes.

Camicazi tossed a small fish to Periwinkle. The Terror gobbled the snack as she scribbled a reply below Hiccup's.

****_Yes_.****

At least, she _thought_ that's what she wrote. Camicazi had a horrible feeling she wrote _'please'_ instead, but this feeling did not weigh on her until after the little dragon took flight.

*** * ***

><p>Despite her permission, Hiccup's arrival on the island weeks later managed to send a thrill of delighted stupefaction through Camicazi's stomach. She still half-expected him not to show. Not to careâ€"even when she should have known better.

He landed the Night Fury on the foot of an empty dock. By the time Camicazi made it to the wharf a generous crowd had collected in response to Hiccup's arrival. The young man took his time dismounting; his eyes swept over every living creature in the vicinity. He looked ready to bolt at the slightest hint of aggressionâ€"from humans _or_ dragons.

Camicazi pushed her way to the forefront of the welcome gathering. She wanted to be the first to greet him; he was still so skittish around people with that dragon, even after all the progress the Bog Burglars had made with the integration.

By a happy coincidence, Camicazi's mother was off on expedition at the time. Additionally, Big Boobied Bertha took at least half of their village with her in a quest to brave the seas and search the world for treasures. Camicazi, like a good majority of the women left behind, was on "maternal stay" as they affectionately dubbed it. She understood better than Hiccup that the quantity of those present did not negate the _quality_.

She could acknowledge that she was on an island of hormonal woman...and now there was a man on it as well. Hiccup may have been wary boarding that island; but he had no idea that half of the women wanted to jump him and half wanted to kill him.

Camicazi found herself thankful for the presence of the Night Fury that would never quite lose his novelty among the clans; he diminished the intensity of both these impulses. She must have been feeling unusually possessive that morning if the stab of irritation towards her tribemates was anything to go by.

Her approach slowed as she neared him, her footsteps leaving longer creaks in wood of the old docks.

Damn, she forgot how good he looked. His hair was longer than she last recalled; he had a couple small braids pulled back with the ponytailâ€”braids she knew him to use as mementos of his travels much in the same way she used tattoos. Another scar marked his body; bold and relatively fresh in its pink state, running just before his ear and branching at the back of his jaw. She could only imagine what creature delivered that blow or where he encountered it. She could only imagine what other scars she may find on his bodyâ€”provided he ever allowed her to touch him again.

"Hey," he greeted first. He sounded breathless and soft, as though he suddenly remembered all the words between themâ€”the written and unwritten.

"Hey," she returned, mimicking him in word and in manner.

If Hiccup realized he was on an island of man-eating women, he certainly didn't show it. He quietly regarded her with an unreadable expression; she couldn't glean if he were still angry with her or not. His command over his features had advanced since their last encounter.

An unanticipated reservation struck her, swift in its arrival and cruel in its timing; one that made her glad for the modest clothing she had taken to wearing over the last months. Camicazi realized that she was a sight bigger than when Hiccup last saw her, particularly around the trunk of her body. She worked off most of the baby belly, and the energy nursing required helped to return her figure to her, but the damage was done. The stretch marks were thereâ€”despite the daily application of a special cream she bartered forâ€”and her breasts had swollen to proportions she once thought of as impossible. She had mom-body.

Camicazi never felt ashamed of her figure beforeâ€”and she swore she never wouldâ€”but for some unfathomable reason she wanted Hiccup's eyes off of her.

"Come on. You have a daughter to meet." Camicazi gently grabbed

Hiccup's arm. She had not realized the tensions in her shoulders until they involuntarily relaxed when he didn't jerk his arm back. She was allowed to touch him, at least.

"Right," Hiccup breathed. He appeared faint. Camicazi thought she felt him tremble against her side but his next lungful of air returned that measured control over his body.

Still, it was enough for her own floundering composure to see his nerves.

Toothless trailed along behind them completely at ease, in opposition to his companion. Camicazi couldn't understand the dragon as Hiccup could, but she caught amusement in those expressive green eyes.

The spectators gave the trio a wide berth as Camicazi led them to the chieftess' lodge; the young heir knew this to be more likely because of the Night Fury tailing them than respect for Hiccup's presence.

"Whit's he doin' here?"

"I invited him," Camicazi returned to the disembodied question with a hard edge.

"Yeh, sharin', honey?"

"Not today."

She kept up her smooth repartee, but she was sure Hiccup felt the tightening of her fingers around his arm. She'd simmer down when the post-natal impulses died off.

Hiccup, for his part, was wise to keep his mouth shut. He allowed Camicazi to lead him away from the crowd and up to the most elevated piece of land the village had to offer—the traditional location of a chief's home. A medium-sized dragon waited for them outside the door, long and lean in body with shimmering, orange scales.

"Stormfly," Camicazi called as they neared, "thank you for watching her. She didn't wake, did she?"

"Nee-ah!"

"Oh good. I'd hate for her to make a bad first impression on her father." She gestured to Hiccup. "_This_ is her father, by the way. I'd like you to meet Hiccup. Hiccup, this is my dragon, Stormfly."

"How-d-di-o-there!" the slender dragon greeted with a nod of her head. Her mouth opened and her tongue moved to form the words. Hiccup jerked beneath Camicazi's hand.

"Did—did she just—?" He couldn't seem to speak himself.

"I _told_ you," Camicazi laughed. "I'm teaching her Norse."

Hiccup stared down at her, his features heavy with disbelief. "I thought you were just...I don't know—that wasn't what I was

concentrating on! I mean, this is...I-I've never..."

"I _also_ told you that I don't know what kind of dragon she is," she felt she had to remind him. "But she can sort of vocalize things. It's a slow process and she tends to make up her own way of using words."

"That's incredible," Hiccup murmured. He reached a hand out to the speaking dragon. "Hello Stormfly."

Stormfly cocked her head; a small pause preceded the stretching of her neck toward the offered palm. Before the dragon could complete her greeting, Toothless knocked his human aside and brought his own twitching nose to Stormfly's pointed beak.

"Wuhâ€_Toothless_!" Hiccup snapped, affronted by the rude behavior.

He moved to shove the dragon back but Toothless' tail smacked Hiccup's outreached arm without ever having to turn his attention away from Stormfly. Hiccup conceded a disgruntled defeat and allowed the two dragons to acquaint themselves without further interference.

"Brat," Hiccup muttered as he rubbed his smarting wrist.

"Looks like they're hitting it off," Camicazi observed. Her serenity countered Hiccup's ire nicely. She moved closer to the man to take up his arm once more. Again, he allowed it.

The two dragons nosed about each other, heedless to the pair of humans watching. Toothless warbled and Stormfly crooned. The female's scales turned pinker and pinker as a silent conversation passed between reptiles.

Hiccup's eyebrows moved towards his hairline.

"Did she just?"

"Yep."

"She changes colors...and she speaks..."

"Yep."

"You know how to pick 'em, don't you?"

Camicazi glanced up to find Hiccup staring down at her rather than the dragons. She could have focused on the proximity to his lips and jaw, to the coarse stubble that darkened his throat, or the smell of the leather harness that only seemed to empower his own. Her mind, instead, chose to recall a time when their height difference wasn't so grand.

"I still have a lot to learn about her," she admitted with a shrug. She stayed pressed to his side, wanting to hold on to this easy, comfortable atmosphere they shared. He had yet to yell at her as he said he would. She should have known better than to unreasonably worry; Hiccup simply couldn't hold a grudge.

"I'll mention it to Fishlegs," Hiccup affirmed. "He'll love the challenge."

"Thank you," she said sincerely. Camicazi gently tugged him around the dragons, who had begun a curious ceremony of shaking their wings at each other. "Come on, she's waiting."

Hiccup tensed only for a moment. Camicazi watched his face, watched the nerves and reservations battle his unending desire to _see_ his child. Then his feet moved beside hers into the darkened home.

Camicazi immediately released his arm upon crossing the threshold and traveled the span of the spacious room, toward the wide bed she had taken from her mother during the last months of her pregnancy. Convenience went to the woman with the greater needs, after all.

On the center of the bed, flat-backed with short, pudgy limbs splayed in every direction, lay their sleeping daughter. Hiccup's feet stopped a good faÃ°mr from the napping babe but Camicazi continued on. She settled one knee into the mattress and scooped the child into her arms.

The baby grunted when she was lifted but otherwise remained in slumber.

"This is Alivia," Camicazi introduced softly. Their child looked so right in her arms that Hiccup felt his stomach clench.

"Alivia?" he choked out the name, wanting to keep his mind grounded in the face of so many unexpected emotions. He wasn't prepared for this...this sudden admiration. This gratitude for something he _couldn't_ want. He wanted to touch themâ€"these two girls who somehow belonged to him in an obscure sense. They were the proof that he existed, for all his flighty tendencies.

"Family name," Camicazi explained, heedless to Hiccup's muddled mind. "One of the things I had to do to get on my mother's good side."

Either Hiccup chose to ignore any negative implications of that admission or he never heard it. He remained fixated on the baby, full-cheeked and unblemished.

"I like it," he murmured.

Camicazi found Hiccup's unguarded wonderment too adorable. She took three steps forward to encroach on his personal space.

"Here."

She held Alivia out to him. The baby was limp in her mother's arms, her tiny mouth open with her soft and even breaths. The girl could sleep through RagnarÃ¶k.

Camicazi's offer had the effect of a cat-o-nine on the home-born Berkian.

"What?" Hiccup's face drained of color. It left his freckles stark against his skin. "Oh, no, Iâ€"noâ€"I'llâ€" "

But Camicazi had already pressed Aliva to his chest.

"Hold your arms out," she commanded. He did so, his hands moving underneath the infant almost as soon as Camicazi moved her into his reach. "Support her head with your elbow"yes, like that. Now brace her body with your other arm. See? You're doing great..."

Hiccup's shoulders seized with the added weight and his body stiffened in fear...but his features quickly softened as the realization that _this was his daughter_ settled over his mind.

"Wow." The word rushed out of his mouth as a nervous laugh. His wonder with the child seemed to have magnified tenfold. Camicazi received the impression that her presence no longer registered to Hiccup. "She's...heavy."

"It's mostly all in her head. Maybe she got her father's brains?"

For the second time, Hiccup appeared not to have heard her. "Is she supposed to be this fat?"

Camicazi's expression fell.

"Give me her," she demanded. The edge in her voice must have gotten through Hiccup's fascination because he tore his eyes away from the silent baby to give Camicazi a fearful look.

"No!"

...No?

"She's _my_ baby!" The gall of this man!

Hiccup shrunk inward, drawing Alivia closer into his chest as a result.

"You're going to hit me!"

"You called our baby fat!"

"No! Not directly. She's just...just...rollier than I expected."

The Burglar raised her eyes to the ceiling in a silent prayer for strength. Her initial indignation simmered at the reminder that Hiccup had next to no experience with children. "And what did you expect? A miniature adult?"

Hiccup shrugged, sensing the drop in immediate danger. He had seen babies before, but never any that resembled _him_ so much. This felt so surreal to him, like dream he once entertained had come back to him"a reminder of past hopes. He had given up on the idea of a family, of a lineage, long ago when he made his choice to live by Toothless over humans.

Yet here he was, holding something"some_one"that was half of _him_...and half of a woman who refused to let him go.

"She kind of looks like me," he observed. The color atop her head resembled his, though more red than he could take credit for. He thought she had his nose as wellâ€"granted, it was just a little button of a thing centered on her face, but now that the idea came to mind he couldn't see it any other way. It didn't share Camicazi's upward turn; it looked rounded, like his.

Definitely his nose.

"Rumor has it all babies look like their fathersâ€"proof that she's yours. She should be taking on my appearance any day now." Camicazi made a show of observing her nails.

Hiccup smiled and there was nothing sarcastic about it. "Lucky her."

A loud warble drew their attention to the doorway where Toothlessâ€"apparently finished with introducing himself to Stormflyâ€"decided to let himself in.

Hiccup's grin broadened.

"Hey, buddy." He turned to show his dragon the child in his arms. "Check this out. This is Alivia."

The Night Fury padded up to the human-hatchling in Hiccup's hold. It smelled odd to himâ€"fresh and milky. He brought his nose up and sniffed at the tiny, reddened face, sensing much of his rider in the small form.

"Yeah, I thought she looked fat too," Hiccup whispered. He sent a nervous glance over to Camicazi who, having clearly heard him, crossed her arms to look anything but amused.

The young woman still didn't know if Hiccup could actually understand Toothless or if he simply pretended to for show.

Alivia scrunched up her own nose at the hot dragon-breath ghosting over her once crease-less features. She looked like she was about to cry.

Hiccup felt panic set in.

"Oh, oh no," he muttered. "What do I do? Toothless! What did you do?" The dragon reared back, ear-plates falling in indignation. He wasn't to blame! Hiccup ignored the Night Fury all together, his focus falling on the grimacing baby. "Whatâ€"hey, shh, please don't cry. Shhhâ€"I don't know what to doâ€"it's okay..."

He sent several panicked glances at Camicazi through his under-toned ramblings.

"You're doing fine," Camicazi assured him with an easy laugh. Alivia made a very lamb-like noise of protest to this and Hiccup didn't know how Camicazi could look so calm in the face of so much fidgeting.

"She's going to cry!"

"Calm down," Camicazi laughed again. She moved so close to Hiccup

that their toes were touching. She placed one hand on his upper arm, another rested delicately on Alivia's soft head. "She's not going to cry. She's just waking up, see?"

Hiccup looked back down and suddenly blue, blue eyes stared up at him. Cloudy from sleep, but quickly clearing.

"Hey darling," Camicazi cooed in a voice Hiccup never would have thought could come from her throat. "Did you have a nice nap? This is your daddy. He came all the way from who-knows-where to see you. See how pretty your parents are? You're going to be so pretty..."

She ran a hand over the little girl's head multiple times as she spoke. Alivia grunted, hardly registering the attentions of her mother when this new face could entertain her.

"They'll turn green."

"What?" Hiccup didn't look at Camicazi, his fascination with his child renewed. She was so..._alive._ Just staring at him, acknowledging him. Judging him.

"All baby's eyes are blue," Camicazi explained because she knew this was something he wouldn't know. "Hers will turn green some day. I know it."

Camicazi watched as Hiccup's face brightened, much like it would when they were children and his father showed a rare interest in one of his inventions.

"You think?"

"I know."

Alivia noted Hiccup's smile and imitated it with a toothless one of her own. Hiccup felt his breath catch in his throat.

"She smiles!" The sheer awe in Hiccup's voice had Camicazi laughing once again._ "Toothless lookâ€"she looks like you!"

The Night Fury approached a second time and stole Alivia's attention away from her father. The smile fell from Alivia's face when the dark creature moved in to observe her wakefulness. She didn't cry. She simply stared with wide eyes at the foreign being.

A low moan escaped her throat. Toothless purred in response. Alivia waved a fist at him.

"She's going to grow up around dragons," Hiccup noted, as if just coming to the realization. His smile not diminished once since Alivia opened her eyes. His cheeks would soon hurt.

"Yes," Camicazi agreed.

"It's a new generation."

"It is."

Neither spoke for a moment thereafter. Hiccup allowed the world around him to fall away, and Camicazi reveled in witnessing this

drifting man find his footing in the world.

"How are you?" Hiccup asked after a beat. He used a voice as soft as Alivia's cheek. "With all this, I mean."

He shifted Alivia in his arms a bit; her unexpected weight started to wear on him. She was heavy, yet he still felt as though he could hold her forever. The slight jostle drew her attention back onto him.

He missed Camicazi shrugging one shoulder.

"I'm fine, I have all the help I could ask for here. It workedâ€" She seemed to catch herself in whatever she planned on saying. When she continued, she spoke in soft, subdued words, hardly above a whisper. "I'm sorry, Hiccup. For how I did things."

"For how you did things, yes," he mumbled, but he continued to stare at Alivia in such a way that told Camicazi he wasn't sorry for how things turned out.

"But everything will be okay, right?" She needed to hear it from him. They had gotten along so wonderfully since he arrived, but she needed to know.

The pause before Hiccup's response was not promising to her. That his smile had faded significantly was even less so.

Hiccup released a strong breath through his nose. "I still...I'm still upset about...about how I can't be an actual father. She's not going to have a dad like she deserves."

And Alivia deserved the absolute best. Hypothetically, Hiccup would love to be the best father his child could have. Realistically? He couldn't. Now that he had her in his arms, and she stared up at him as gorgeous as could be, Hiccup knew he would prefer anyone to be Alivia's fatherâ€"so as long as she got the best.

"You can still be that dad," Camicazi insisted, desperate for his approval. "You can visit, you can bring her thingsâ€"she'll only have great memories of you, even if you're not always around!"

"Oh, perfect. I can be just like my mother," Hiccup spat, embittered.

Camicazi placed a hand on his cheek, still rough with stubble like she remembered it the last time she touched it so intimately. Getting a clean shave on the road must have been hard.

"Hiccup," she spoke his name hushed and firm. "You love your mother."

"I did. I do," he sighed. His eyes narrowed to squint at their daughter, perhaps not even seeing her. "I just..."

"I know."

"I don't want her to..."

"She'll understand."

"So did I, but it stillâ€œ"

"You _won't_ die on her." Camicazi proposed this rather strongly. "You'll be around to see her grow, and her wedding, and our first grandchild, and much, much more. There will even come a time when you can take her with you on one of your adventures...provided you bring her back in one piece."

Hiccup responded to the admission with a crooked grin, but he had that child-like hope in his eyes. One she had forgotten of before this day.

"You think?" he asked. "I meanâ€œI don't lead the _safest_ of lives..."

"I know." She rubbed a thumb along his jaw, tracing that new scar. Referring to his survival record she added, "You're like a cockroach."

Hiccup's smile grew, still crooked, but more frank.

"Flattery," he began, deepening his voice, "will get you no where."

He suddenly moved closer to her, and considering how close they already stood, his action consisted of leaning his face down. Perhaps it was seeing his gaze darken while holding their child in his arms, but lingering air in Camicazi's lungs expelled obviously and quickly.

She touched one hand to Alivia's head while her eyes remained on Hiccup. She closed the remaining gap between their bodies.

"I forgive you," Hiccup whispered in the split instant before she kissed him.

His arms were occupied, so it was up to Camicazi to hold him to her with forearms resting against those wide shoulders that she once thought impossible to ever develop on his frame. Her hands moved to his neck, fingering the loose hair at the base of his ponytail and smoothing under the collar of his tunic.

His lips parted against hers in an invitation for her to deepen the kissâ€œand she accepted it with a wanton sigh to pervade the cavity of their mouths.

Alivia chose that moment to announce her hunger with all the vehemence of her mother and all the tact of her father.

* * *

><p>Hiccup stayed the night.<p>

He stayed the night and he loved her in that intimate, sensual way few Bog Burglars ever know. And then again that morning.

It was different than before. Less alcohol. Less aggression and

confusion. It was slow and connected, full of healing and apologies. They lost the vigor and senselessness of youth. They were older; she was a mother and he, while maybe not father materialâ€”perhaps in another life_â€”but he was experienced, and they fit together so perfectly. They were linked in some way; their bond as children only served to seal this newfound intimacy between them. All the awkwardness and danger of crossing the friendship boundaries ebbed. They were meant to be unionized in this manner. Onlookers from either tribe could frown at them all they wanted; they both knew this was the best and most personal affinity either could ever hope for. Marriage would take away the absolute taboo of it, but their child added a sense of right.

Hiccup left in the morning, just before noon and under an unusually blistering spring sun. Camicazi would have liked for him to stay longer but no man was allowed on her island for any extended period of time. Hiccup may be the exception to many things but this would not be one of them.

"I'll come back," he promised to both mother and child. "I'll stay in touch."

He'd do more than stay in touch. He would visit periodically and witness every important milestone in Alivia's life. Hiccup would not be tied down, he could not be grounded, but even a bird needed to land every now and then. Camicazi had given him that.

"Make sure you bring me something shiny," the blonde demanded.

Hiccup laughed and kissed her forehead...and then her cheek...and then her mouth, long and hard so that she would not forget his taste or his confidence. The catcalls from her tribemates went unheeded. Clearly, Hiccup's aversion to public displays of affection had diminished over the past year.

Before he mounted Toothless, Hiccup also had a kiss for Aliviaâ€”one for her feather-soft brow. It would take many visits for Hiccup to become a permanent inclusion to their daughter's memory, but Camicazi had no doubts that he would follow through on his swear to stay involved.

She saw the way he looked at their daughter before taking flight and found it impossible to hold down a smileâ€”even when she could not know when she would next see him. They would be okay, because Hiccup _did_ love herâ€”he loved this part of him and her. Alivia.

Camicazi looked down on the silent babe the moment Hiccup disappeared into the horizonâ€”on the puckered lips and the double chin. She was beautiful.

Alivia would have her father's eyes; Camicazi could see that alreadyâ€”though still blue, they would change. She would freckle and have her mother's wild hair and she would be the smartest, craftiest Bog-Burglar ever to journey Midgard. And when she was grown, with her father as spry and young as the day of her conception, Alivia would take to the seas like her mother and the skies like her father, and she would rule the world from every angle.

* * *

><p>And it was the best Arbor Day ever.<p>

So that will give the Hitchups readers a good idea as to what happened with Camicazi. Anyone who hasn't read Hitchups and wants a little background information on the incident(s) that led to Aliva check out chapters 30 and 31.

Thanks for reading! Give me yo thoughts!

End
file.